

*I Wish Someone Was There...*

**Aayush Maatrishya**

## For All Maatrishya's Readers

This story is part of **Maatrishya's collection**, a journey through **love, loss, fate, and the emotions we often leave unspoken**.

Maatrishya's stories are not just meant to be read; they are meant to be **felt**. Each word carries a **memory, a longing, a quiet truth that stays with you long after the last line**.

This PDF is created **by a fan, for all fans**, to ensure that his words reach everyone who needs them. If you have ever **felt deeply, loved silently, or missed someone who never returned**, this story is for you.

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For every reader who finds a part of themselves in his words.

# I Wish Someone Was There...

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*"That's impossible!... you must feel something,... don't you...."* Kaartikeya asked gently.

The room had plain white walls, an Ajanta clock showing 10:30 pm, and a brown sofa where Amrita sat, wearing a white shirt, black jeans, a black suit, and black loafers. Next to the sofa was a light brown stand with a dark blue vase holding some orchid flowers. In front of her was a small table with a smiley stress ball and a glass of water with a brown lid.

When he asked the question, Amrita stayed silent. She tried to open her mouth to say something, but she didn't know what to say. He understood and continued, *"Okay... who are you very close to? Family, friends, colleagues... anyone?"*

She forced a small smile, picked up the ball from the table, held it tightly, crossed her legs, and looked down. She said, *"It's not like that... I... I have a very supportive family... my little sister, she... she always cares about me. My friends... they're good. I think they're a blessing... but..."* She paused, her eyes filling with tears, her hands shaking, her ears turning red.

She continued, *"But when it comes to sharing my feelings... my thoughts, my perspective... I can't. I don't know why... people come to me like... like... \*sobbing without tears\* I'm a tree... a tree that gives shade. They come, sit, enjoy the shade... but they don't realize that the tree has to face the sun's heat under which they are sitting... they don't think about the roots... how they're losing their grip, how the tree is slowly weakening..."*

She paused to take a deep breath, her whole face red. She was holding back tears, struggling to control them. Kaartikeya offered her the glass of water, then asked, *"Is there any recent memory... or something that's on your mind right now?"*

She said, *"Since childhood... everyone thinks that I always behave well, always top the class... always be the obedient child... In class seven, I got interested in drawing. I told them to give me drawing lessons, but they didn't... I'm not blaming my parents, they are still supportive of me..."*

She paused, feeling like it was the first time she'd said so much. She took another sip from the glass, holding it tightly, and continued, *"After that, they never asked me what I was going through... what I wanted... I always wanted someone who would listen to me... I don't want anyone's advice or suggestions, only someone to listen... just listen..."* Tears fell from her eyes, and she was crying her heart out, sobbing continuously and loudly.

After that he asked, *"Are you feeling better now?"* She nodded, still sobbing.

Suddenly, everything around them slowly started to vanish, everything that was projected. Kaartikeya stood at the door, resting his shoulder against the wall, and seeing the whole scene, then walked slowly to the vase on the table. He gently blew on the vase, and the flowers disappeared. He saw Amrita's image fading, and with a soft, distant look, he said, *"I wish that day had been different..."*

*"I wish that day she could have said what she wanted to say... I wish that day I could have been there for her... I wish... she was with us... we often overlook the quiet ones, dismissing their thoughts, rushing to*

*... speak our own words,... forgetting the people around us who need to be heard... they need us.... we can't help everyone, but everytime we can help someone..."*

**STORY ENDS**

The man lowered the script written by Maatrishya he'd been holding, eyes lingering on the final page. He took a deep breath, looking around the empty theater, murmuring to himself, *"Its not bad... we can try..."* He looked out, as if seeing an invisible audience, then turned off the lights, leaving the story behind in the silence, ready to be told another day.....

***~Maatrishya!***

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